### VOL. 1.

# TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three weeks previous to the expiration of subscrip-ions, each subscriber will find his paper wafered to-other on the margin. Thus, each may know, that

C. W. FENTON, Washington City, D. C. PROSPECTUS OF THE WASHINGTON

We can hardly think it necessary to arge upon those who hold that Americans ought to

rule America, the importance of having a paper at the scat of the Federal Government, which shall enunciate and advocate the doctrines of

A paper issued from any of the great centre on, but especially from the political Metropolis, in the present age, not in this country only, but in Great Britain, France, and rever there is the least freedom of discussion, is a medium through which those holdilar sentiments in regard to public affairs and public policy, may make known, discuss and defend their views, and expose the impropriety of the principles, and the impolicy of the measures of their antagonists. It should carnestly labor to give a proper direction to public opinion by enlightening the public

The AMERICAN is the only paper published at the seat of the Federal Government which advocates American doctrines; the only sentinel of the party stationed where a near and clear view can be had of the movements and doings of their opponents at their headquarters. Here political information concentrates, and from hence it radiates to every part of the empire; here party measures and movements are determined, and political campaigns planned; here stratagems are concocted and thwarted, and here at certain seasons of the year politicians most do congregate; here, in short, is the centre of the great political maelstrom in which so many thousands are constantly plung-ing and forever gyrating.

If the American party is desirous of being a national party, it should not be without a paper here through which it can make known to all people its views, aims and opinions, and which shall also refute the calumnies that are from time to time uttered against it through ignorance or a less excusable motive; and we, therefore, take hope that the American, standing, as it will stand, upon the platform of the American party, advocating, as it will advocate, the paramount rights of native-born citience with slavery as a national concern, and maintaining, as it will maintain, perfect freedom of opinion and of conscience in religion, will find favor in the eyes of all truly patriotic citizens in the land, and commend itself to their

generous support. Lest we may not have been specific enough in declaring our principles, we add, that the FAREWELL ADDRESS of the Father of his country, as illustrated by the broad light of his administration, is our political text-book and vade mecum; and shall be our compass and chart.

### PLATFORM

Of the American Party, adopted at the session of the National Council, June 2, 1857.

1st. An humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Boing, for His protecting care vouchasfed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their decondants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American Independence.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization making a continued residence of twenty-one year of all not hereinbefore provided for, in indispersable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paup) and persons convicted of crimerom landing upon our shores; but no interferency with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Churchard State; no interference with religious faith, which is and no test raths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into at any all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and as a seriet economy in public expenditures.

## WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

THE OLD FARM.GATE. re, where is the gate that once served to divi-I like not this barrier gaily bedight, With its glittering latch and its trellis of white,

red-rusted hinge, and the weather w

Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride; And the car of the victor or carriage of state 'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait For the one he adored, at the old farm-cate.

meet;
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat-Were favorite themes for discussion and thought, The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead— The hopes of a couple about to be wed-The Parliament doings-the bill and debate-

Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim But none could leap over that postern like him. When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,

Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his

freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm 'Tis well to pass portals where the pleasure and fame

, away on some sport—the old gate sla

In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting crea That broke on my ear when the night had worn late, And the old ones came home through the old farm

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place, But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace. I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp, And the rails that my growing hands scarcely or

With the commonest relic once linked to the heart. And the brightest of fortune—the kindliest fate— Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Thou art gone, alas, like the many, That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

Never hear thy winning voice again, When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers When thy downy cheeks were in bloom, Now I stand alone mid the flowers, While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb Chorus-Shall we never more, &c.

Near the silent grave where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I wander, By the streams and meadows we stray'd. Chorus-Shall we never more, &c.

### MISCELLANEOUS

# THE PORTRAIT.

### THE GENEROUS REVENGE.

"I am fatigued to death."

This was uttered by a young and exceedingly lovely girl of seventeen, accompanied by a toss of her bonnet into one chair, while throw ing herself into another.

"Fatigued, my love," replied her mother, you? not the mere strolling around the rooms tion. He saw that his daughter could never found the exhibition interesting - did you from associating with the children of so exem

ent, I am so wearied."

her daughter's manner of saying this, more pavement, and not unfrequently interchanging than in the words themselves-a pettishness little gifts with each other. Oscar was never rarely displayed by her, for few girls were without some fancifully painted flower, for his generally more amiable, which occasioned the fairy queen, as he poetically termed Ellen, or mother deep concern, and with some carnest- landscape, with occasionally an animal intro ness she asked whether her daughter had, in duced, to please her childish fancy, discovering her visit to the Institute, encountered anything even at that early period the bent of his after

ing highly, seemingly half ashamed to acknowl- her baby house with chairs, tables, and a cargreatly annoyed. You know, mother, Frank was not always to last. Miss Elder was placed Dermont, the poor widow's son over the way, by her father at a fashionable boarding school, has taken a labor-saving washing machine to while one of the boys was sont off to a trade, the Institute to exhibit, which they are san- and the other left to struggle with the innu guine in anticipating a premium for. Well, as
I was sauntering thro' the saloon, leaning upon
the arm of that elegant Lieutenant Courtney,
sional education. Years passed away, years in in view of several of my most fashionable ac- which the widow's children, and the destined quaintances, who should I see coming to speak heiress of Mr. Elder, never met. with me, dressed in his every day garb, but Master Frank-when, with all the assurance imaginable, he began a discussion upon the Mr. Elder, thinking to afford his daughter an

bor it would save, and finishing his exordium by asking me to accompany him to look at it; but soon taught him a lesson he will not readily forget, by treating him with the scorn he de-served, and without a word, or recognition of any kind, passed on, leaving him standing with stended eyes, gazing after me."

cally, "how grievous must have been his dis

"I knew, mother, you would blame me, said Kate, bursting with tears; "I would have spoken kindly to him at another time; but why did he, a poor mechanic, come mortifying me before such witnesses?"

"He thought, I presume," answered the mother, mildly, "as you had been for years such near neighbors, he might unquestionably depend upon your feeling an interest in a work which had cost him months of anxious solici tude to perfect. How, my child, could he reasonably suppose that he would obtain the sympathy of others, when one so well acquainte with his moral worth, together with the meritorious exertion he is so constantly making to aid in the support of his mother's numerous and bereaved family, turned coldly away, and would not so much as gratify him with a sin gle look? But I see," said Mrs. Stanley, parting back the rich clustering curls which partially shaded her child's weeping face, and imprinting a kiss on her forehead, "that further rebuke is unnecessary. Yet if my Kate is dis-engaged and will bring her work and sit by me, I will devote the remainder of the after-noon to relating a history of a very beloved friend, which may prove the means of eradicating the germs of pride, I am fearful, has taken too deep a root in her young heart." A thoughtful expression, almost a sad one, o'erspread the mother's features as memory reverted to the past, touching some painful chord; but seeing her young daughter seated with her im plements of needlework, in an attitude of atention, she resumed her usual placidity of look

and manner, and began. in the city of Philadelphia a wealthy merchant, whom I shall designate by the name of Elder. He was a widower, with one child, daughter. Few combined greater advantages than the gifted Ellen-young, beautiful, with a mind highly cultivated, and an heiress, there seemed nothing wanting to add to the cata logue of her attractions, and it becomes needless to say, she was never without a numerou assemblage of admirers around her. Flattered from her cradle, receiving adulation from all who ventured within the precincts of her magic circle, deprived of a mother's admonitory counsels, it was not surprising that Ellen becam somewhat spoiled. Pride was her besetting sin. Like a worm, in the heart of some del cate flower, it was eating at the root of every virtue with slow but destructive effect. Bu for this one blemish, this plague spot, this lep rosy of the heart, her character was as fault less as her form and features were perfect, and seldom is there met a being of such surpassing loveliness. The winter of Miss Ellen's coming out, as it is termed, was one of unusual gaiety; but though she received several unexceptiona ble offers, she had experienced no decided preference for any, and the spring found her yet un-

It was at this period, that a young English man directly from London, made his appearance in Philadelphia, bringing letters to the father, which obtained for him an introduction to the merchant's daughter. Of pleasing appearance and the most specious manner, he was not only admitted into the first circle, but his society was generally courted. Ellen fancied herself in love with the captivating stranger. There was an eclat attached to his attentions, which flattered her self-esteem, and with the consent of her too indulgent father, she was betrothed, and the succeeding fall appointed for the marriage,

I have passed, my child, said Mrs. Stanley, with conciseness, over this happy portion of Miss Elder's history. I will now narrate a few events, which though they hold no immediate connection, with so important an era, as her marriage, possessed a decided influence upon her after course.

Among the worshippers at the shrine of this young beauty, was one who "never told his love," an artist. They had been children together. The lordly dwelling of Miss Elder's father, stood beside the humble mansion of the painter, sheltering also a widowed mother, and one elder brother, and during the period youth, ere the heart becomes narrowed, by the male of middle age, sitting quietly sewing punctilious usages of the world, they were within the apartment into which her daughter thrown in daily contact together. Mr. Elder had entered-"wby, what Kate has fatigued was a man of sound mind, and just discrimina of the Franklin Institute? You, of course, imbibe pernicious habits or vicious principles plary a mother, and although fortune had places "Why, yes, mother; but I should prefer, if so great a disparity between them, they were you please, dropping the subject for the pres- suffered to mingle in promiscuous intercour together, sitting of a summer's night upon the There was a spice of ill humor displayed in same door step, marching arm in arm along the to displeasure her.
"Yes, dear mother," Kate answered, color-taste, and a greater mechanical turn, furnished genius.. While his brother, with a less refined edge the cause of her irritability, "I have been ringe to drag her doll round. But this of course

It was about a week after Ellen's return, a the future mistress of her father's home, that erits of the machine, the vast amount of la- agreeable surprise, informed her he had bar-

ting to a nameless artist, not for an instant

found he was in earnest, and considered the The voice of Mrs. Stanly, rendered tremulous promise he had given of too binding a character to be retracted, great was her mortification recovering, she resumed. Of five children, one only had survived of indeed. That a mere youth, unknown to fame, or her fashionable acquaintance, should even attempt to delineate her features, appeared to her preposterous. Yet the father was not to be shaken from his purpose—he knew that his the wretched wanderer now began to yearn daughter undervalued the painter's merit, not for a return to her native land. Of all her only having heard him spoken of, in strong terms of commendation, but having himself elry belonging to her mother, which her neseen several chaste and beautiful delineations of his pencil; and however reluctantly the consent was extorted, Ellen was compelled to yield

The morning came-on Ellen's part its approach was viewed with sullen discontent, her nind alone dwelling on the humiliating idea of her being compelled to sit to a nameless artist, and, half angered at what she felt disposed to deem her parent's obduracy, she was led toward the painter's studio.

Standing, leaning on his easel, was the painter. Expectation, hope, an ardent desire of again beholding the companion of his infancy, who had left so vivid an impression upon his boyish fancy, lit up his features with an animation they rarely exhibited. Beside him, a little in shadow, was his aged mother. A contrariety of feelings had actuated her in desiring to be present at Miss Elder's first sitting—the strongest, doubtless, a mother's pride. She had watched her son's progress, had seen the untiring energy with which he had sought to win for himself a chaplet wreath of fame, and, in stood unrivalled in his art. To the mother, Ellen had, in the guilelessness of youth, pre- ing. On presenting her pictures for sale, the dieted Oscar's success; and, treasuring the words, she fancied Ellen would derive the same degree of pleasure from the fulfilment of the prophecy she had herself experienced; and then again the widow had listened, day after day, to a theme of which this, her favorite child, had never wearied-his devotion to Elstar of her Oscar's life; and to witness their conclusion as to her son's chance of obtaining a return of the deep rooted passion she saw, was consuming him, had proved a powerful auxiliary in urging her to be present. Doubtless, too, mingled with other operatives, were less selfish motives. The widow had looked upon Elien as a sweet and engaging child, and oved her as such. She had sat with them at

and her fatherless boys together. And one more was there-the elder brother. Thinking to gratify Ellen by seeing her family all assembled before her, the simple-hearted them, and that Ellen, in her childhood, and the and rendering even life a burden. heiress of Mr. Elder, occupied a widely differ-

ent position toward them. was merited; and when the picture was finher beautiful self transferred to the canvass, she was warm in her culogium of the painter's skill, and acknowledged he had surpassed her highest expectation. But alas, what to him was now her praise. The light which had guided his pencil her pride had extinguished. To her, he saw he might never hope to be more than a painter, classed wi'h the common herd. The fire of genius was quenched, his easel discarded forever, and the earliest and most beautiful flowers of spring, planted as a last tri-

bute of affection by his mother, were growing and blossoming over the young painter's grave. The marriage of Ellen proved, my Kate, as all ill-assorted unions must, an unhappy one. She had ellowed her fancy to be captivated without reference to aught beside, and when too late to remedy her error, was fully awakened to the folly she had committed. Bred as Miss Elder had been in affluence, she could not be supposed to know anything of the privation attending a life of penury. She thought as thousands of others do, that fortune never deserted her votaries; that riches were unchangeable. How many have lived to attest otherwise. In America, where all things are so fluctuating, the wealthies: of the land may retire to his downy bed at night, and rise up a poor man in the morning. By embarking in some unfortunate speculation, Mr. Elder sunk all his vast property and died a bankrupt.

When the intelligence reached England, where the young couple had continued to reside in a style of almost regal splendor, it fell upon Ellen with stunning effect. She knew that the whole of the fortune her father had settled upon her at her marriage was dissinated-that in a short time their creditors would become clamorous, and, mortifying as the reflection was, she also knew that the last link was broken, and the slender hold she held upon her husband's affection was withdrawn. Bitterly did she now bewail the infatuation which had prepared for her so melancholy a lot. To recount the years of degradation and hopeless misery that succeeded is a task, my Kate, said Mrs. Stanly, I feel wholly unequal to perform. Ellen suffered greatly. In the

gained with her old playmate Oscar, to take great tribulation, was she brought to a just the admirable woman nature had intended, as eming her father serious; but when she well as the meek and self-enduring christian. from emotion, became inarticulate; but quickly

> this ill-starred marriage; and thirty years from her first sojourn in England, Ellen was left a pennyless widow. Broken in health and spirit, wealth, she still retained a few articles of jewcessities, and they had been great, had never induced her parting with. A part of these were now disposed of, and with her daughter, then in her seventeenth year, she set sail

upon her voyage home. On arriving at her native city, the change her destiny, seemed to affect her health more powerfully than before. And instead of it benefitting her as she had anticipated, she became so ill, as to be reduced to a state of infantile weakness. It was now that her child felt keenly the responsibility devolving upon her. But young and inexperienced, as she was, she felt nerved for endurance. She knew that on her exertions her mother depended wholly for support, and though the future had little to cheer her, she was resolved to persevere. The accomplishments she possess were such as her beloved mother had taught her. In one, she was thought to excel, even rivaling her dear instructress in the art, that of painting, and by practising this branch, she thought to keep, and preserve her parent from want. But what are the sanguine anticipa tions of the young?-bubbles that burst with the simplicity of her heart, believed he now the first peril-wind they encounter. Her dream soon came to be dissolved in airy noth-

and share her fate, seemed soon the only alternative remaining. They were sitting one afternoon absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, fearing momentarily an ejectment from the roof, which their len. His mother knew she was the guiding landlady had that morning threatened, when ciates in her fallen condition; but such feelings rising from her seat, beside which her mother meeting, from which she hoped to draw some sat cowering over a few embers, the daughter a native dignity of demeanor, no external cirthrew her arms around her neck, and strainwhere she was going, and left her. A drizzling rain which had fallen through the morning, had subsided into a deep mist, and the fog was so dense, it was almost impossible for a stranger to define her way, yet the unhappy girl proceeded. She had left a picture her own hearth-stone, and the habit had thus at a store in Market street to be examined, been formed of associating the motherless girl the proprietor of which had held out hopes of having been among the number! Then, too, tion was now her object in going.

market she was told was overstocked with

such things, and to see her mother starve,

her departure. The tie, binding mother and of itself to prove its truth. woman had requested the painter's brother also child is one of the most endurable links in the to be present. Shy, and unaccustomed to chain of affection. Nothing, not even the icy former intimacy, but he was nevertheless a ter, this bond had been strengthed by mis- mother's health regained a port close observer of all that occurred, and was not fortune. Left to struggle together through vigor. slow at noting the hauteur Miss Elder main- life's tempestuous sea, friendless, save in the tained at their interview. I will pass slightly Omnipotent alone, they were the world to each her youngerson at Miss Elder's cold and stately that either would not have freely accorded, to

Slowly, and with a beating heart, had her of her enjoyment. To her his refined manners approach been made to the store; fears had and intellectual tastes seemed to restore the Yet with all of Miss Ellen's pride of birth and arisen in her mind of another rejection, and light of other days, and she had soon learned circumstance, she possessed too much mag- she was on the point of turning back, without to feel for him an affection truly paternal nanimity of soul not to award praise where it submitting herself to the mortification, when Never having heard him mention his family in she thought of her mother's pale face, rendered ished, and she beheld an exact portraiture of still paler by the pang of disappointment, de- was independent of all control. With indeterred her, and summoning all the fortitude she felt capable of exerting, she pushed open the door and entered.

There was another, beside the man she came

to seek, looking much younger, who stood with her picture in his hand, in the act of examining thing in the mere difference of her pecuniary "It is very beautiful," he said, not observing her being present, "and discovers genius of a his station, however honorable it might be; and theirs generally. Well, Mr. Mordaunt, I sup- for the future. pose you may as well consider me as the purchaser of this picture—and if you can procure me a match for it, by the last of next week, I will call and take that also." He was moving Lestowed more than ordinary attention, when off, with the picture in hand, when his eye Mr. Sommers, who had been looking admiringly encountered the daughter of Ellen. She was upon her work from the back of her chair, on standing about half way between the entrance which his arms were reclining, said: "How and the counter at which they had been conversing, a breathless listener of all that had been uttered. His words f.il upon her cars died ere I was born—your style is so similar. like the manna of the wilderness—and with It was this that attracted me to the piece of difficulty she had refrained from thanking him for the grateful relief they afforded. This money would enable her to pay their rent-nor yet would her suffering mother be deprived of a place to lay her head. There were tears upon of that very time when first we met, and l her cheek-tears arising from the over-charged feeling of a grateful heart, such as she had she said, "to value the art of painting, for it beloved mother in greater extremity than now. From the moment of the young man's first recognition he had stood with his eyes bent upon her face as though he were entranced. without the capability of moving. There was in his countenance a blending of surprise, together with a desire of solving some puzzling query, which the more he gazed grew only the more perplexing. Apparently not more than you have never, since our knowing you, once two and twenty, with the garb and manners of referred to it." one accustomed to good society, it was easy

At another time his steadfast look might have produced the greatest embarrassment on nately. "Have you, Reginald, a father?" the part of the young girl, but now her mind was so wholly occupied with the one idea—that upon the carpet. trying school of adversity, she learned many of having obtained relief for her mother—it pride was humbled in the dust, and, through ing another, and was hastening out when the a father before."

perceiving his being a gentleman, in its truest

bookseller said carelessly-"If you were to leave your name and residence, Miss, I might, as you seem so anxious, lend a helping hand toward procuring you employment. There is not much sale for paintings at present, but I perhaps could occasionally meet with a pur-

e had desired, and handed it to him.

"Might I," said the stranger, "without being charged with taking an unwarrantable liberty, request to see the paper you have given Mr. Mordaunt; or at least will you inform me whether you are a Philadelphian?" "I am English born," she said; "my mother

a native of this city."
"And her name?" he asked anxiously—

"Was Miss Elder," she replied. "Then my conjecture," he said immediately, was correct. I knew I could not be mistaken in the strong resemblence you bear to your

"You know my mother, then," she said, "and ve been in England." "Never," he said, smiling; "I was never out

features are as familiar as my own. But I will not further excite your curiosity. It was only her portrait I have seen. My father knew Mr. Elder well, and if you will favor me with your address, not many days shall subside ere I claim from your mother the privilege of an old There was a frank ingenuousness in his man-

ner of speaking, inspiring confidence. "I feel assured," she said, handing him her direction, "you would not deceive me, nor wish to amuse yourself by sporting with my credulity."

"Believe me, I would do neither," he said; you shall not find your confidence misplaced. This adventure afforded both mother and daughter food for conjecture for many hours after the latter's return. They saw in it a hope for the future. Through the instrumentality of a friend, so providentially discovered, they trusted to be enabled to obtain employment, and their hearts felt lighter and happier than for many a day previous. There had been a time when Ellen's pride would have revolted at the thought of seeing one of her former assohad long passed away, and though there was cumstances had the power of affecting her maning her convulsively to her bosom, murmured ner of receiving the young man when he presented himself before her; she was at once subdued, and free from constraint or embarrass ment. He announced himself by the name of Reginald Sommers. Ellen knew that her father had had many friends. She could not call to was the assertion disbelieved of Mr. Sommers purchasing it, and to ascertain his determina- Reginald had recognized her daughter from having seen her postrait, the portrait of poor With glistening eyes Ellen had watched Oscar's painting, and that alone was sufficient

From this happy period, the clouds so long o'ershadowing their destiny began to disperse, mingling with the society of females, he made hand of death, which severs all other unions, The daughter was now constantly employed, not the slightest advance toward renewing his can dissolve it. Between Ellen and her daugh- and as their circumstances brightened, the

occasionally made; but as their acquaintance over the mortified feelings of the widow and other. There was no sacrifice, however great, progressed, and they came to know each other better, he came oftener, until not a day passed recognition. Suffice it to say, they were made have relieved the other from the harrowing without their seeing him. There was a fascito feel the barrier fortune had placed between cares which were cankering every enjoyment, nation in his society the happy girl had never sought to analyze. Even the mother partook any way, she had drawn the inference that he scribable happiness she had noted Reginald's growing attachment for her child. She knew that the position he occupied was very different from their own : but though misfortune had laid its withering grasp upon her, she saw nocircumstances to deregate from the dignity of high order. This shading is well executed, adverse as their fate appeared, she sought not but I can hardly believe in it's being a woman's to check the progress of a passion affording to production, the style is so much bolder than all concerned so bright a prospect of happiness

They were sitting together one afternoon, the mother reading while the daughter was giving often I am reminded in your productions of some sketches taken by a relative of mine, who yours I first procured of the bookseller. But why do you smile?"

"I was thinking," she said, "as you spoke, heard your criticism. You ought, I think, never before shed, for never had she seen her not only procured you my acquaintance, but my mother's portrait discovered who I was to you. Now, certainly," she added, "if I am to believe all your fine speeches, you have just reason to patronize painting.

"By-the-bye, Reginald," said the mothe closing her volume, "I have never asked you about my portrait. Why have you never spoken to me on the subject? Now I recollect

"I hardly know myself," he answered, care lessly-"I believe something my father said prevented."

"Your father," said mother and child, alter "I have," he answered, lowering his eyes

"Tis strange, Reginald," said Ellen, in painful lessons, but above all price, was the was unheeded. She had received the price for severe tone, "that we have known you three knowledge she there obtained of herself. Her her picture, together with the order for supply- months, and never heard mention of your having

"My father is so rich," he said, still looking down, "and I am an only child."

"And therefore, I suppose," said the mother, "you feared his objecting to your wedding my portionless child. You have," she said, "dealt unfairly by us. The heart of a woman is not the plaything of an hour. Once permanently fixed it knows no change, and before you attempted to gain such a heart as that of my child's, you should have well considered the consequences. I deemed you independent of all control, believe me, Reginald, or never should I have sanctioned your addresses. Why you have so cruelly deceived us I know not, but thank God the error we have fallen into is not irretrievable. Go and declare all to your father, and should he refuse his consent to your wedding my child, we must from hence-

forth be as strangers." With a choking sensation Ellen turned away, wholly unable to articulate another word. "I see," said Reginald, approaching and taking her hand, which he pressed respectfully to his lips, "that you are deeply pained, but let me ask you to suspend all judgment of me America in my life, and yet your mother's for the present. I go now to seek my father, and will return in less than an hour. You know me too well to believe I would inflict unnecessary distress on either you or your attached child, who has entire possession of my affections, and though appearances are strongly now against me, when you come to know the motives of my conduct I shall be exonerated from

> he would soon return, disappeared. It was the daughter's opinion that he would clear himself of all intentional deception. She saw plainly that some motive stronger than that he had urged to her mother, had operated in inducing his silence, and with all the trustfulness of love, she awaited in silence his return.

blame." Thus saving, he again pressed the

hand he held to his lips, and telling the daughter

The mother was less sanguine. Frequent trials had rendered her timorous. She knew the influence of wealth upon the heart better than her inexperienced child, and could not suppose Reginald's father would consent to orego the advantages of his son's forming an alliance with one of equal wealth. She trembled for her child's happiness. While each was sitting wrapped in her own reflections, the father of Reginald was announced. His features bore the impress of age stamped upon them, although there was much of the activity of youth in his movements; and if he was somewhat advanced, it was plainly perceptible that his life had been disturbed by few causes to interrupt it in its placid course. His was a rare countenance—one seldom seen in this turbulent work-a-day world of ours. It spoke of a well spent life-of a conscience at peace with itself. Never was benevolence more strongly marked : and as the daughter went forward to admit him, she involuntarily extended her hand to lead him to her mother.

"I suppose, ladies," he said, as soon as scated, "you have already conjectured my being Reginald's father." "You, madam," he said, addressing the mother, "have banished him your presence, out of fear of this same crusty old father's refusal to his marrying your daughter. Now, understanding this to obstacle exists. He has the consent of all his friends to unite himself to the lady of his choice, as soon as they can arrange matters between them. "You have, doubtless," he resumed, perceiving them too much overcome to reply, "blamed Reginald for not sooner comnunicating the fact of my existence, but when I inform you that it was myself that instigated the deceit-that from the moment of his meeting your daughter he had confided everything me. I trust your confidence in him will be restored. I know, he said, "I am making myself appear a very eccentric old man, in making such a disclosure, but I had my own reasons for my little plot, the denouement of which shall take place to morrow, at my house, where I invite you both to meet me, and par-

take of a family dinner." Surprise had so chained the mother's tongue. she could not utter a word. In vain she strove to thank him, but now, that his voice had ceased she became eloquent in her expressions of gratitude.

"Say no more," he said, "I am better satisfied than either of you"-then, kissing his future daughter, and shaking warmly the hand of her mother, the kind old man departed.

The transit from distrust to happiness seemed almost too sudden to admit of its reality, but the presence of Reginald, who came on the wings of love to renew his vows and ratify the trenty, proved it no allusion, and when they again separated it was as affianced lovers. There had been something in the tones of

the father's voice which struck in familiar cadence upon Ellen's ear. She had a vision floating before her, of their having before met, which she in vain strove to reduce into some tangible shape; but deeming it idle to pursue the thought longer, she began preparing for their promised visit. The day was unusually fine. When ushered

into the richly furnished parlors of Reginald's home, it reminded Ellen forcibly of the past, and unconsciously a sigh escaped her. She thought of her buried father, when she was among the most cherished of fashion's votaries and lived in a style equalling the present opustepped, disdaining all deemed of unequal rank or pretension. Thought reverted to many scenes, and as the tide of memory swept by, t brought a recollection of her visit to young Oscar's studio, and of the group she had so scorned. Tears filled her eyes. The dead seemed to stand beside her, and he, the painter, who she had since learned had so loved her. was brought as distinctly before her mental vision as though he had been present-but what could exceed her surprise, on seeing, as if purposely to strengthen the delusion, placed wall opposite, the identical picture of which she had been thinking. As she looked in the days of her girlish beauty, so was she there depicted-the likeness could not be mistaken, and turning toward the group silently